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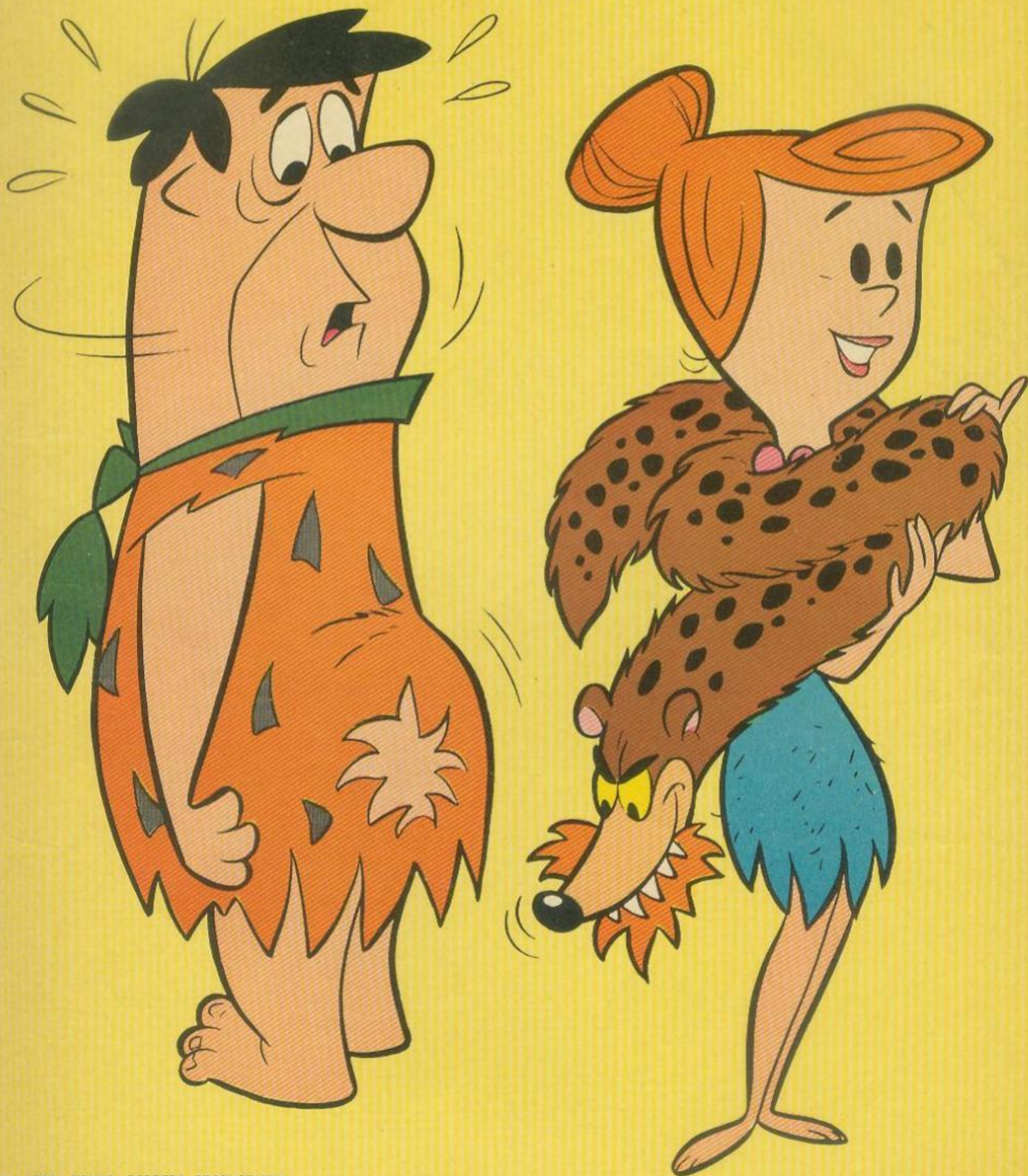
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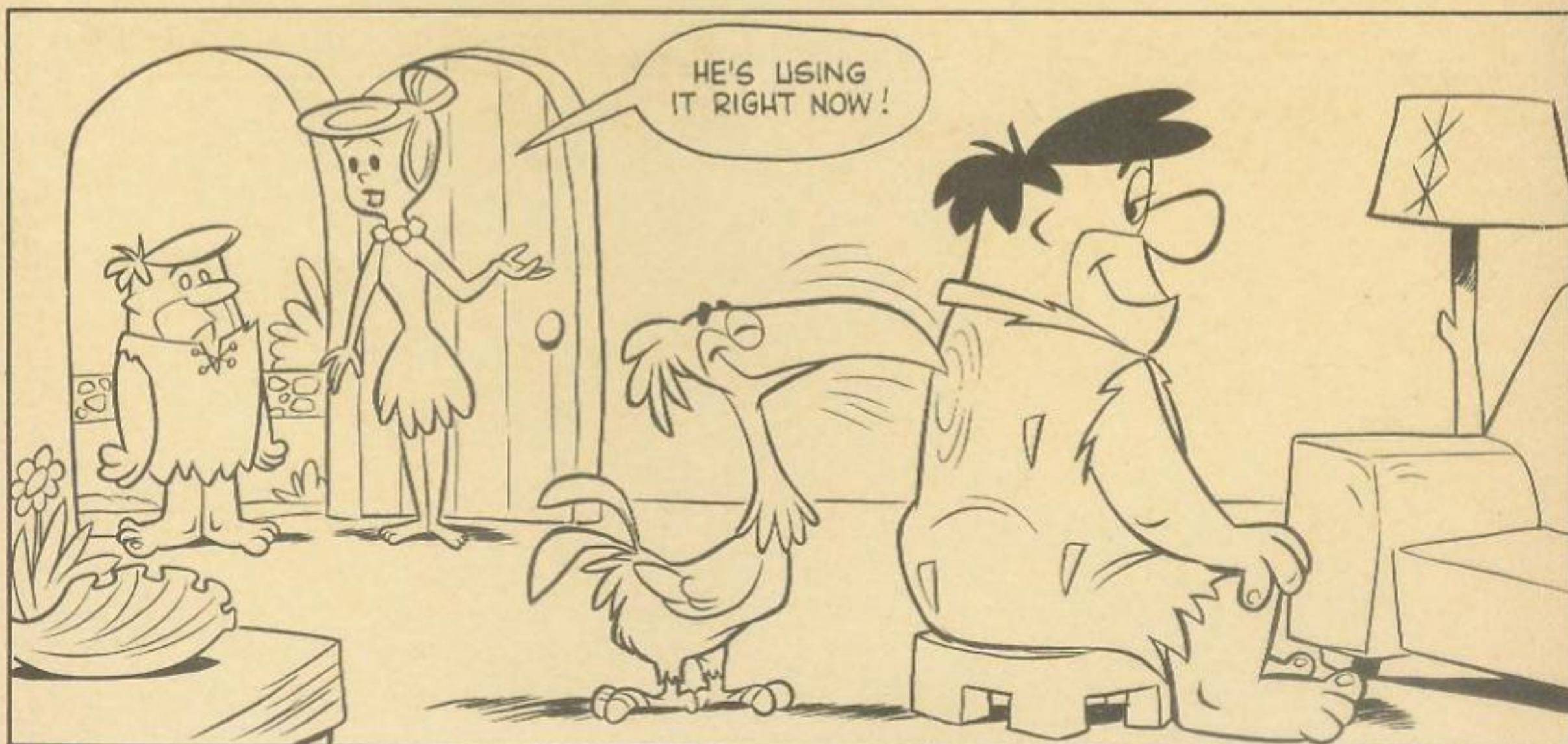
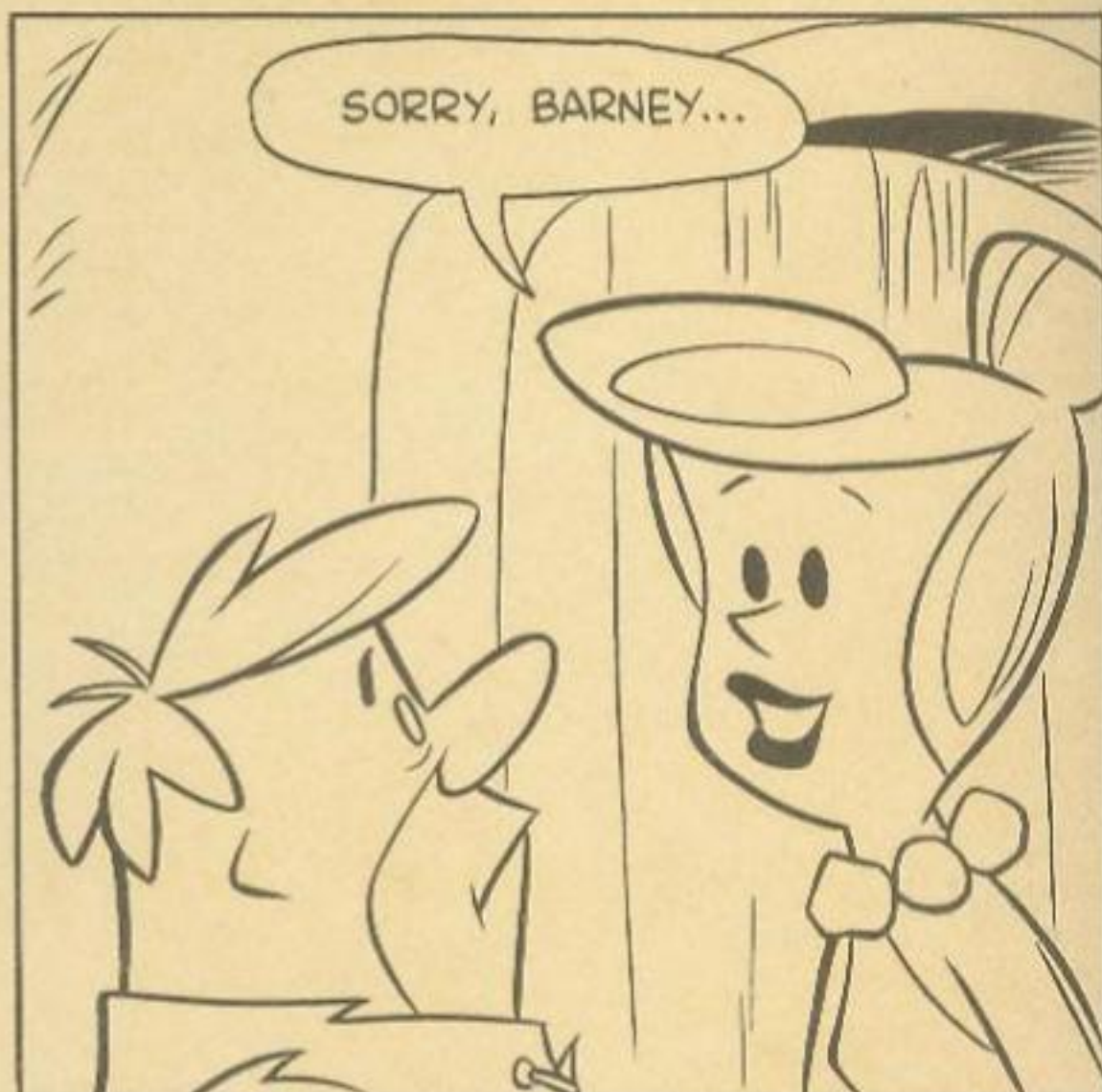
Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES



THE FLINTSTONES

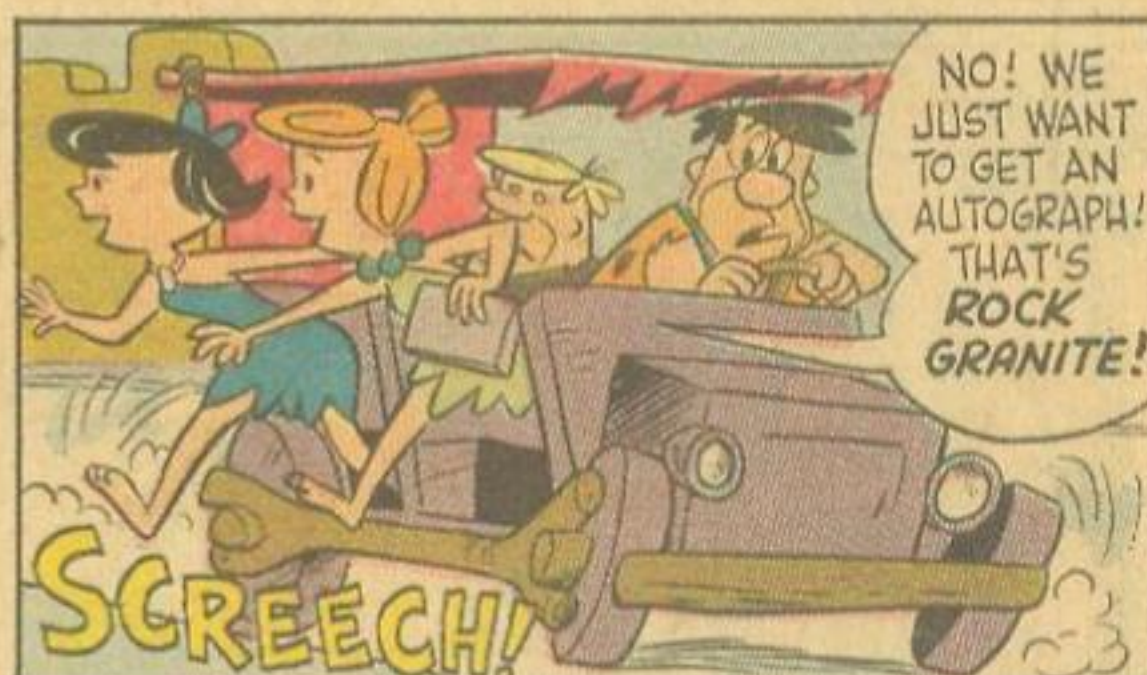
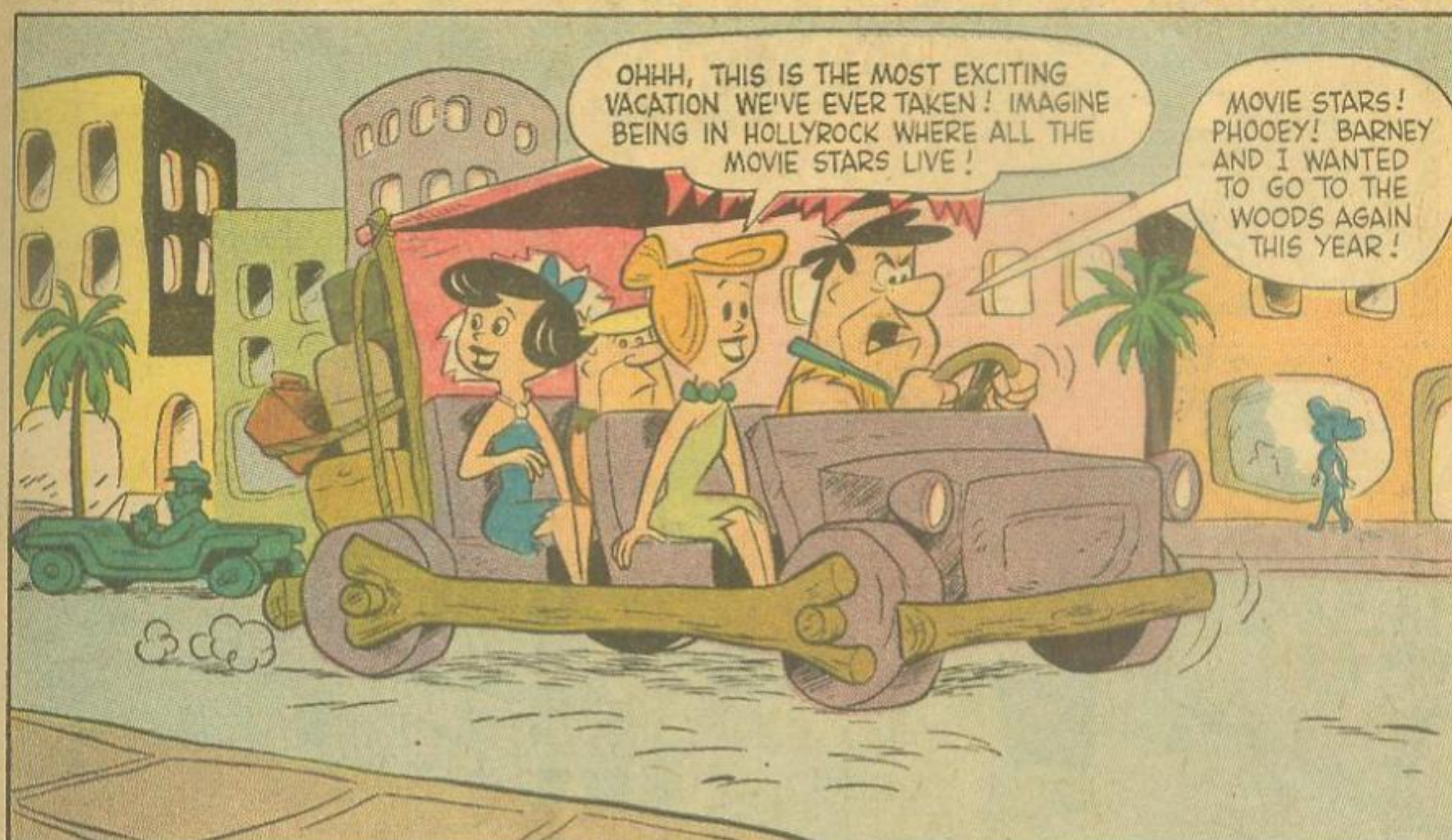
HANDY LITTLE GADGET



Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

HOLLYROCK HOLIDAY



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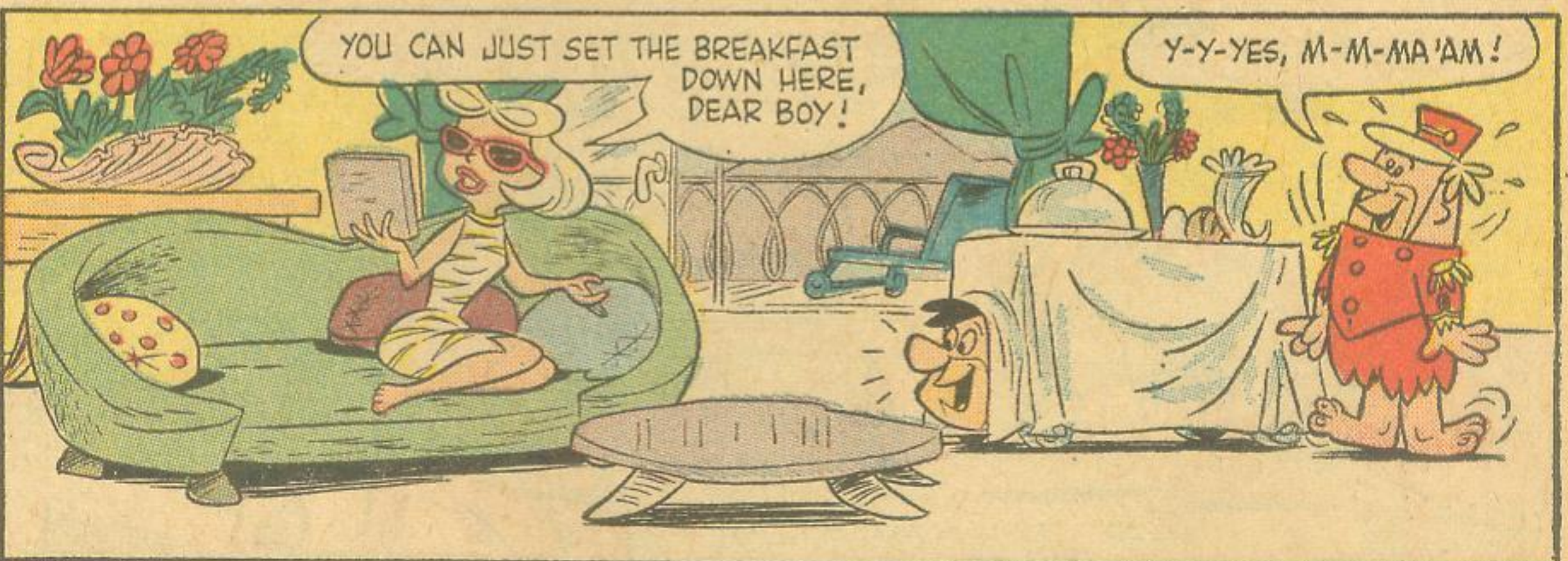
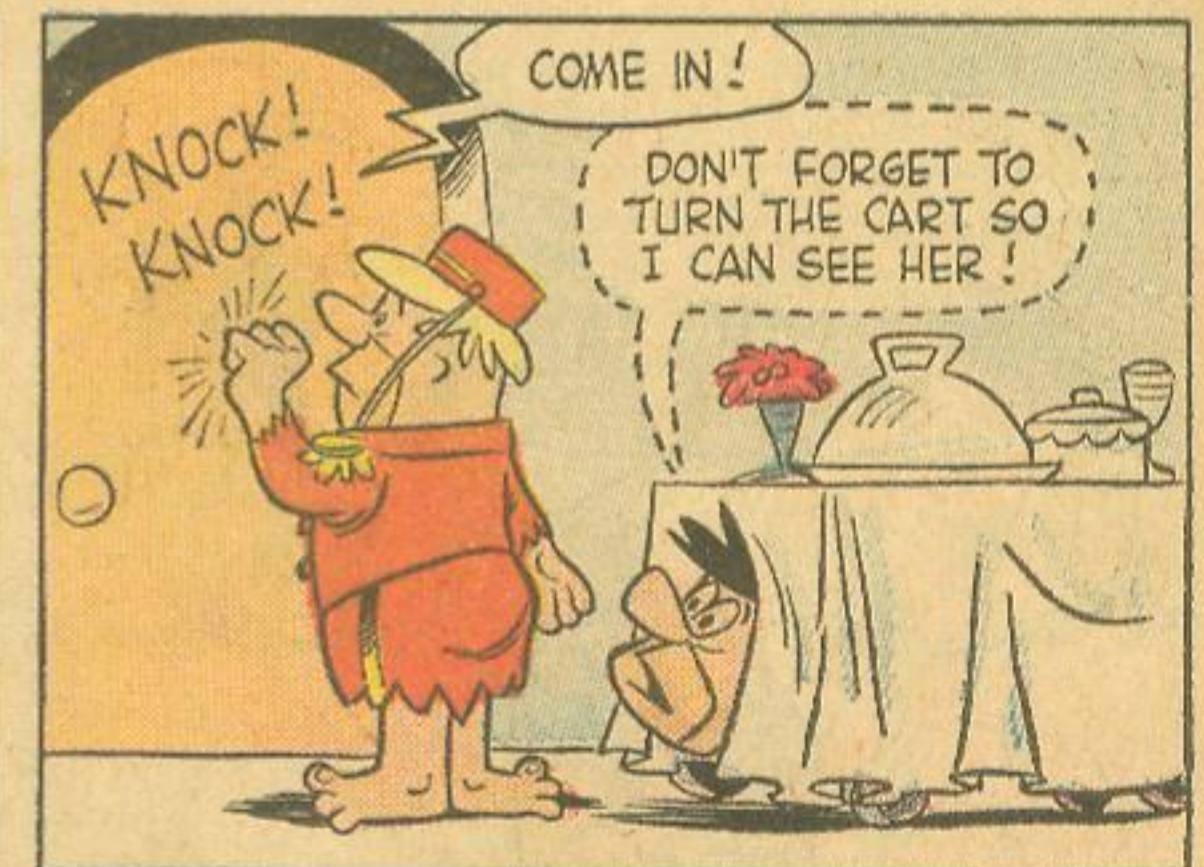
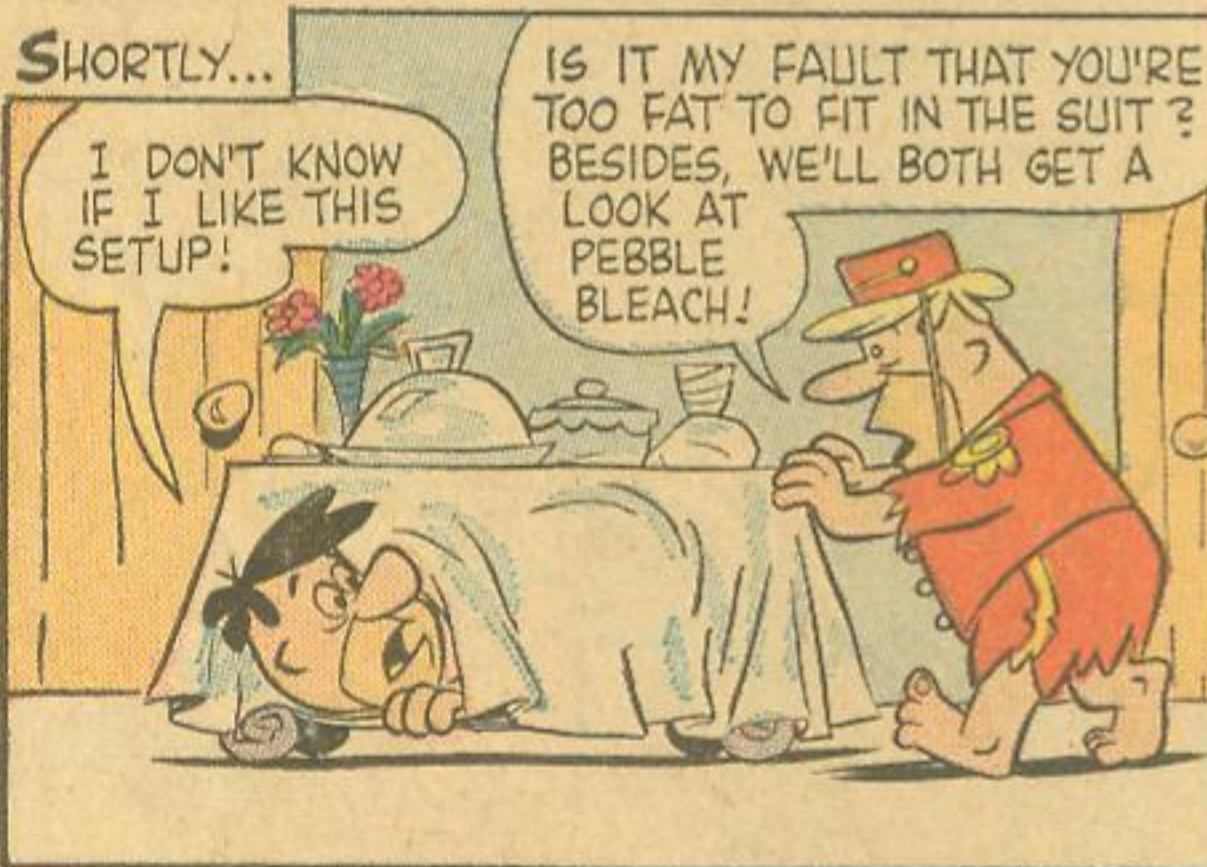
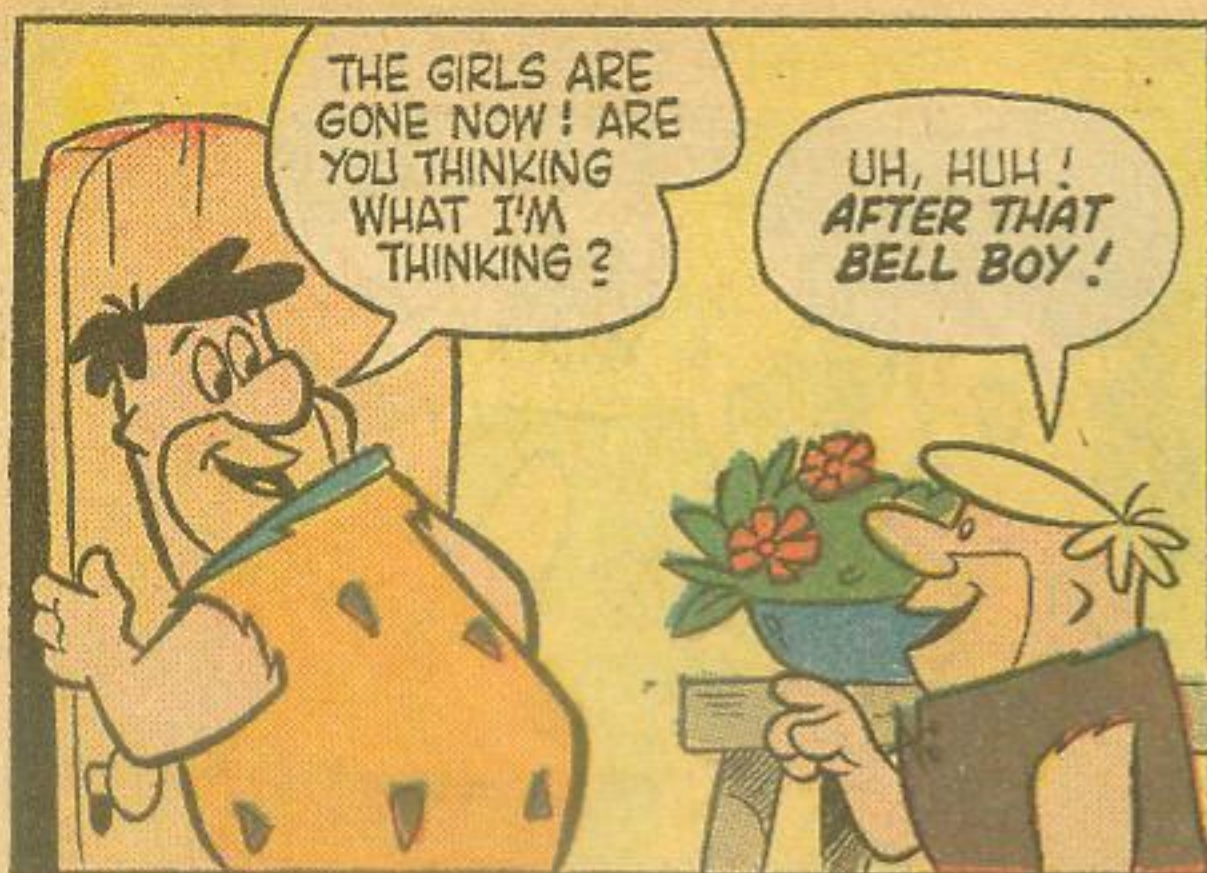
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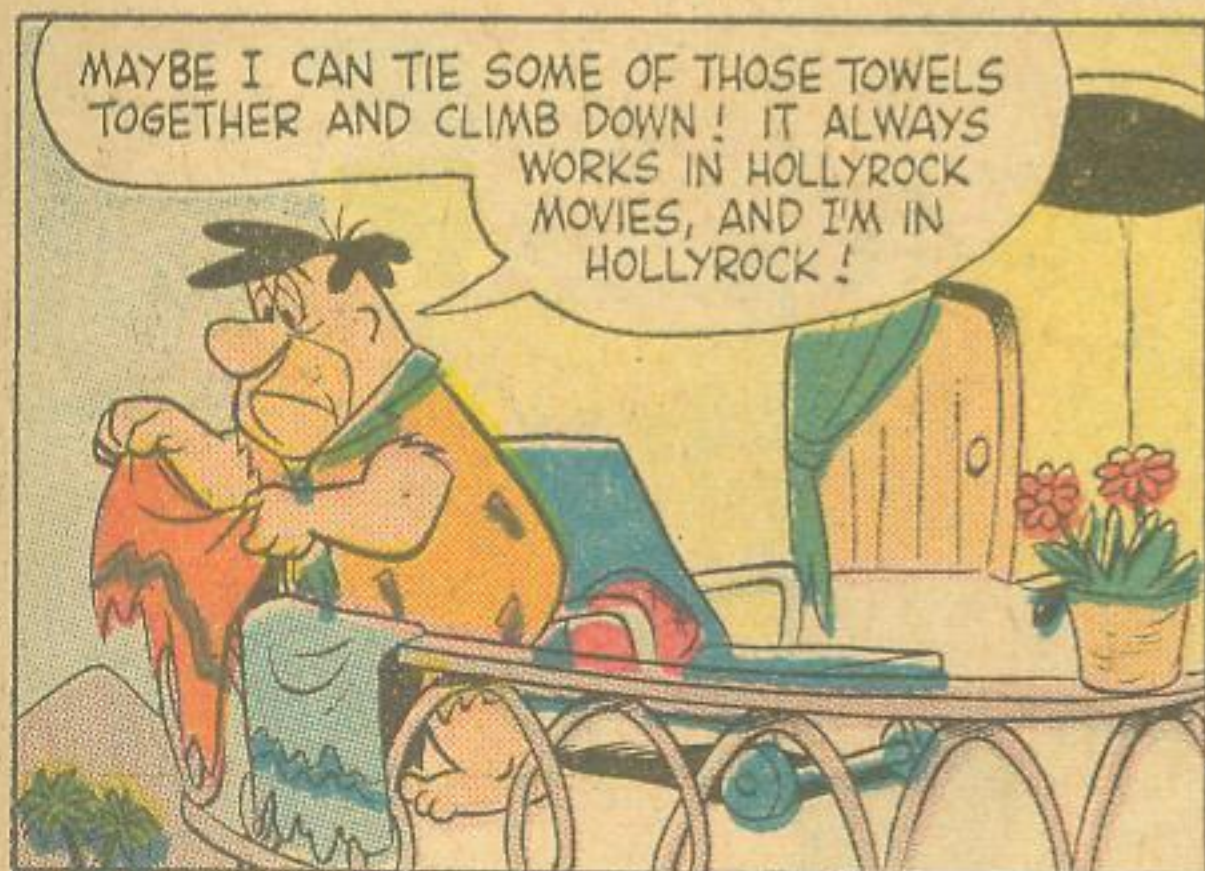
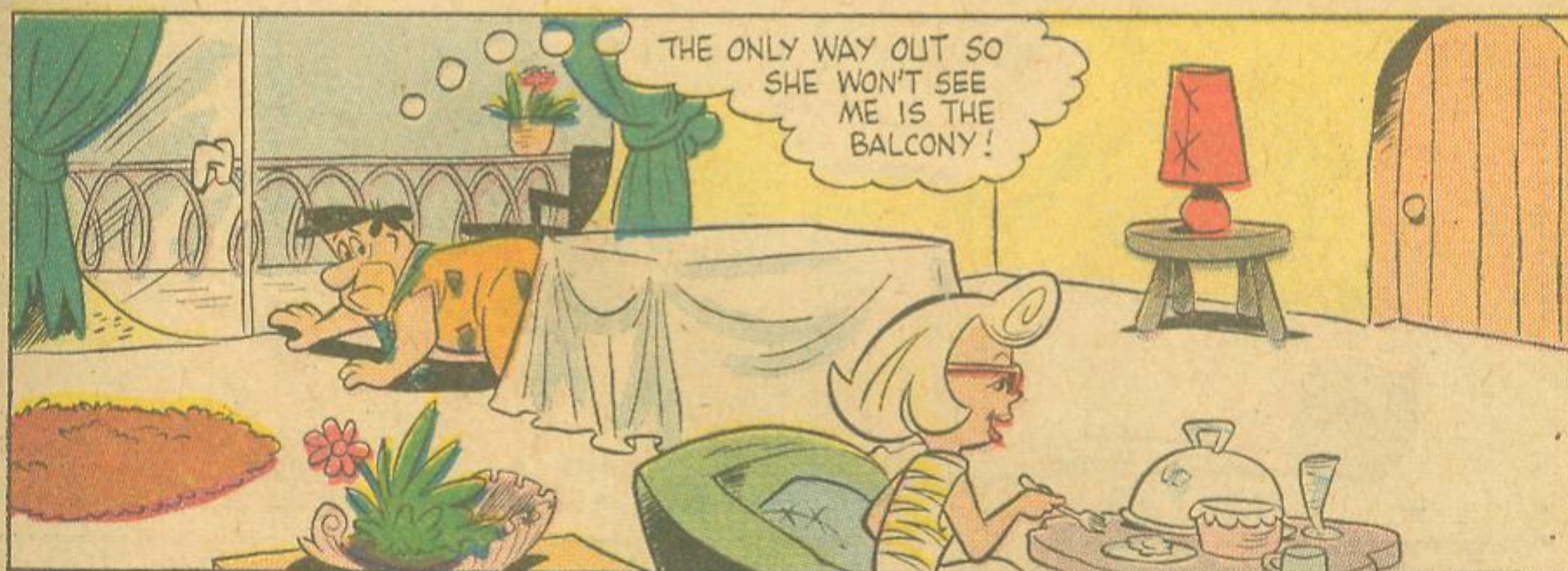
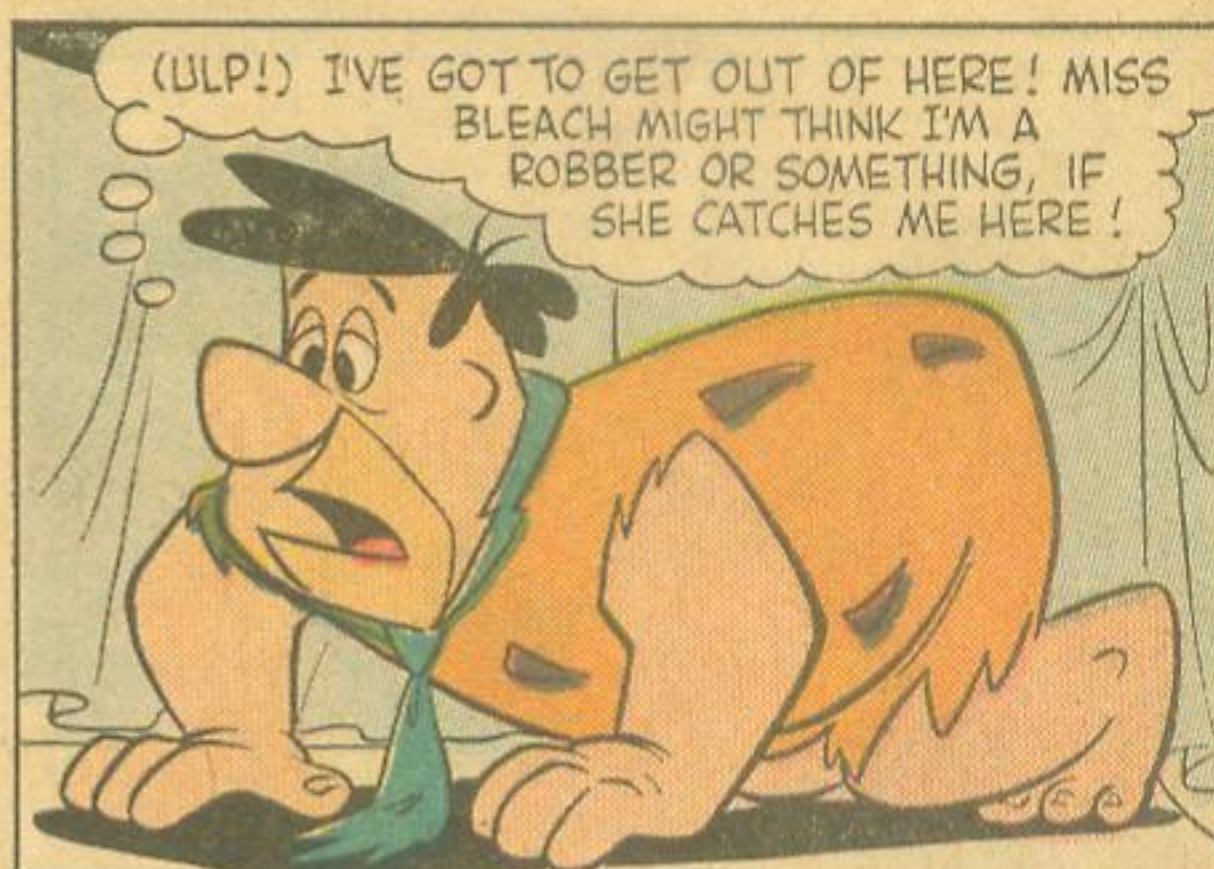
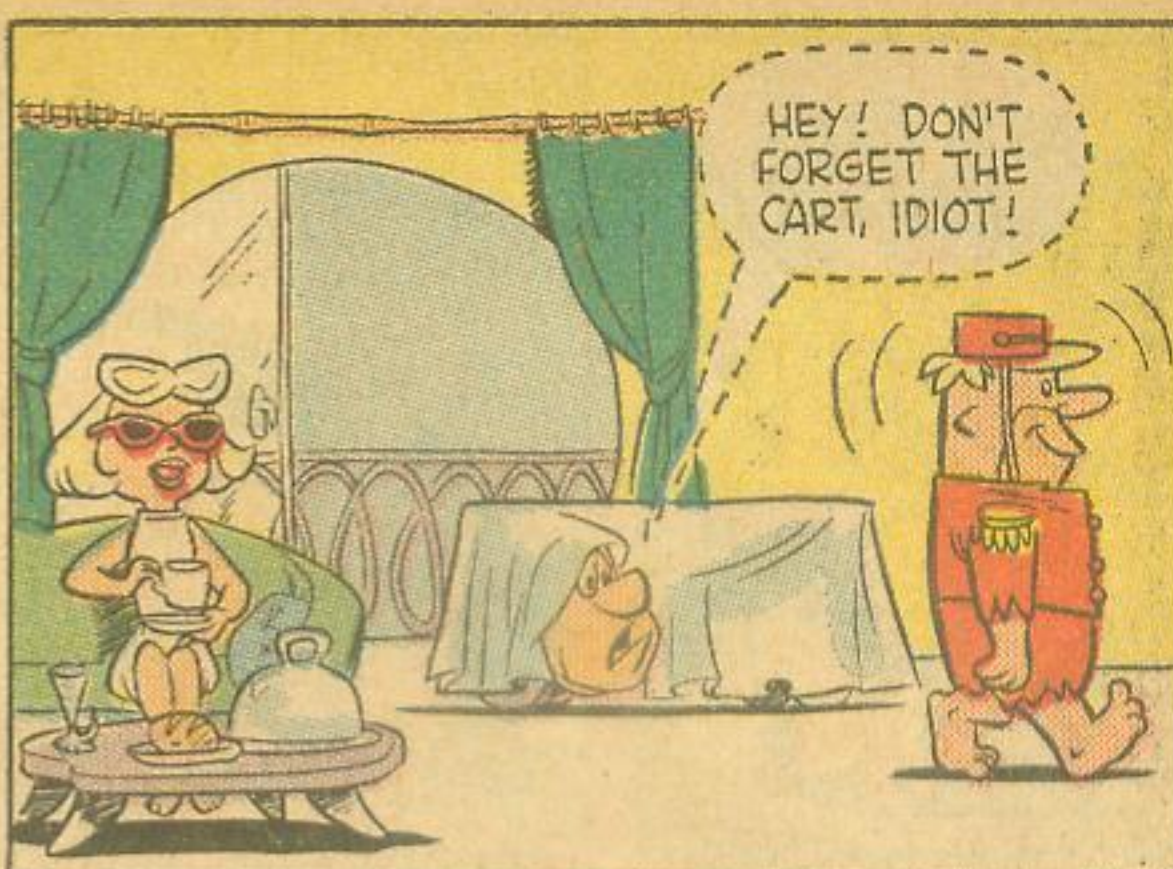
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GOLFBALL BRANNIGAN





AND SEVENTEEN HOLES LATER...



MUCH LATER...





GOOD GRIEF! IT'S ALIVE!
IT JUST KEEPS GOING!

OH, NO! GRAB
IT, FRED! PUT IT
BACK IN THE BAG!



IT'S **MAGNETIC!** SO
THAT'S IT! IT'S SOME
KIND OF SUPER
LODESTONE
YOU'RE USING!

(GULP!)
UH-OH!

CLANK!



AND THE CUPS IN THE GREENS ARE MADE OF
THIS NEW IRON STUFF, TOO! NO WONDER YOUR
BALL COULDN'T MISS!

MY! MY!
WHO'D EVER
THINK IT!



IT WAS A LOWDOWN
TRICK, BARNEY RUBBLE!
YOU KNEW
IT ALL THE
TIME!

OKAY! I ADMIT IT!
I'M SORRY! I'LL
CARRY YOUR CLUBS
FOR TWO MONTHS,
FRED!



DO YOU THINK JUST CARRYING
MY CLUBS COULD EVER MAKE
UP FOR WHAT
YOU DID
TO ME?

WELL, TELL ME
THEN... HOW?
WHAT CAN I DO?



I SHOULDN'T
HAVE ASKED!

PERSONALLY, I
THINK I'M BEING
VERY NICE ABOUT
IT ALL!

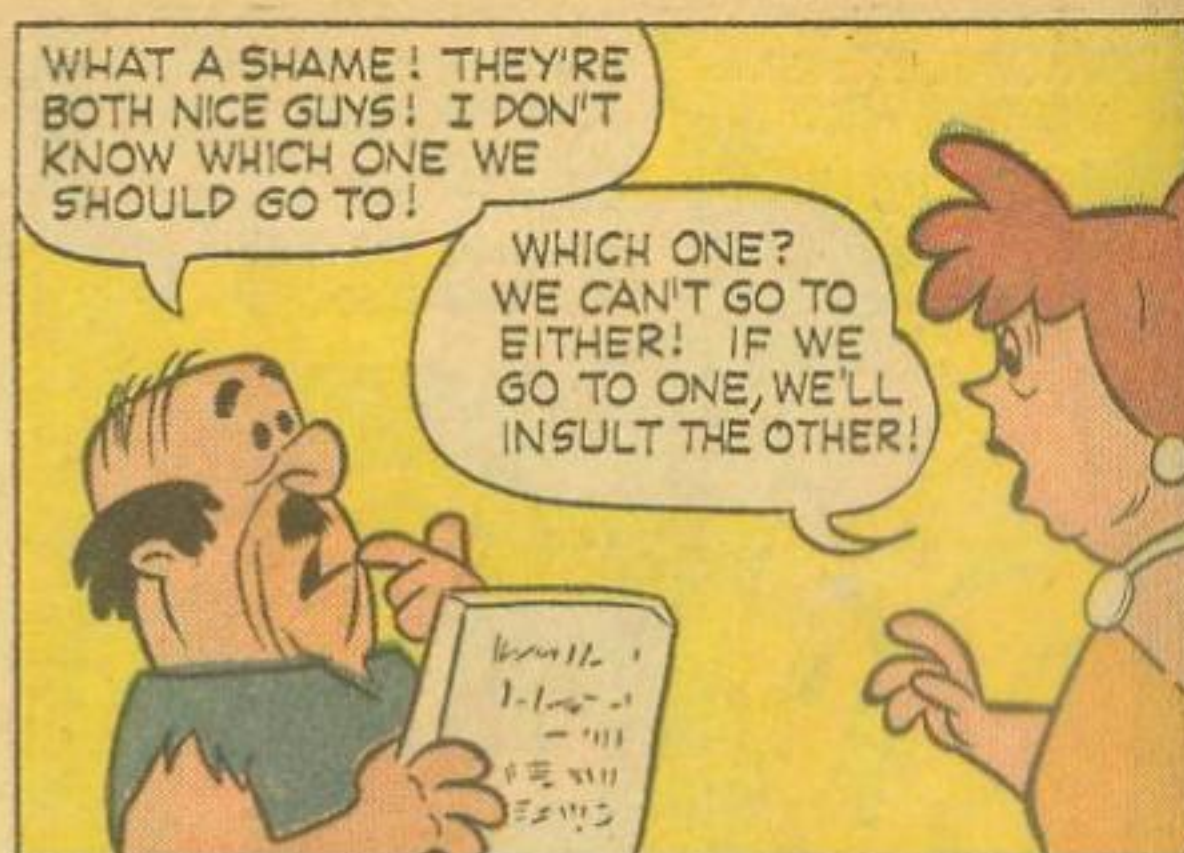
THE END

Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES

POPULARITY CONTEST





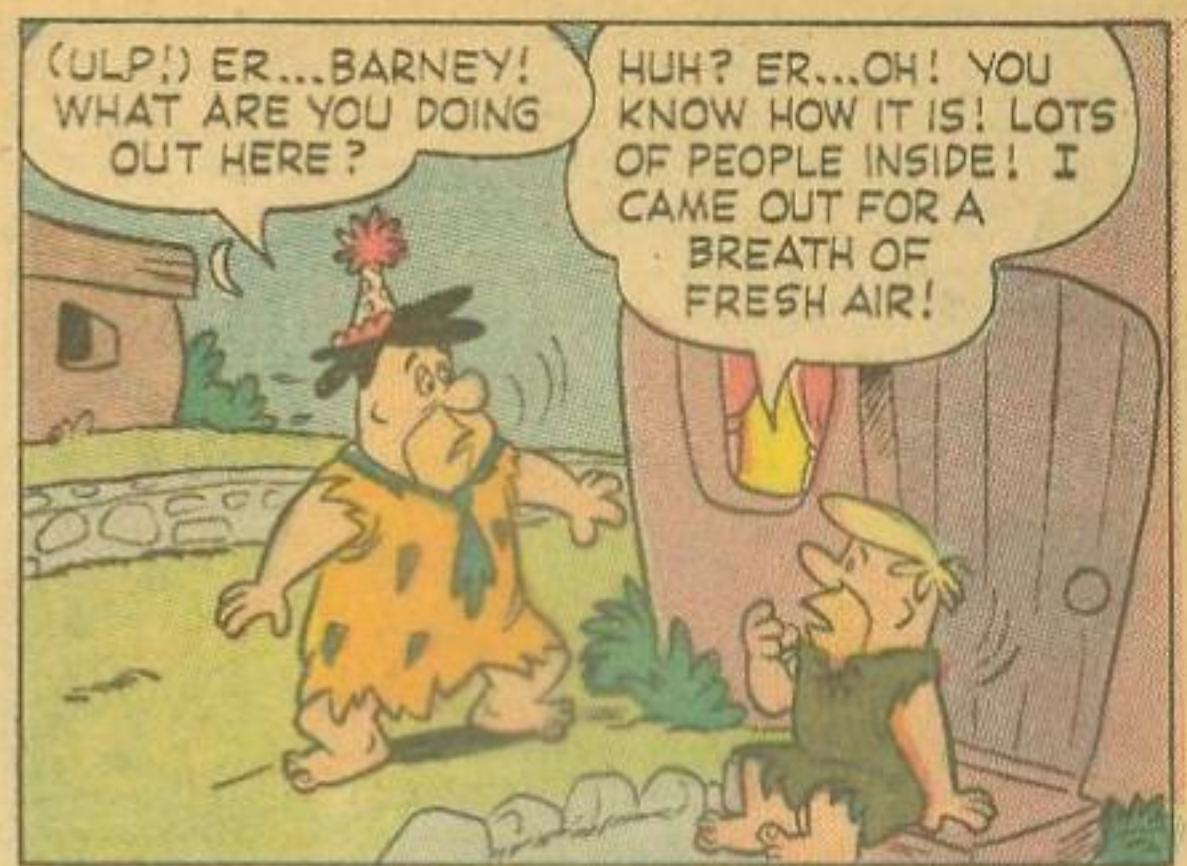
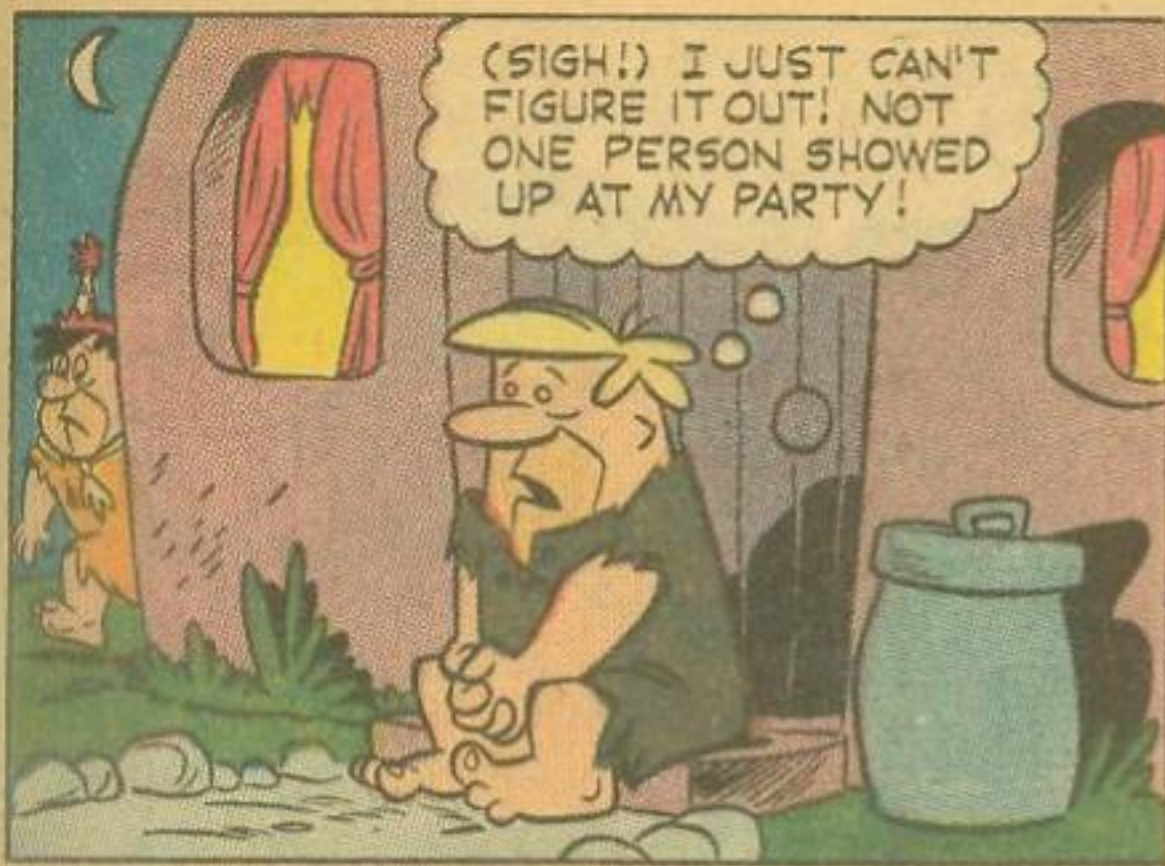


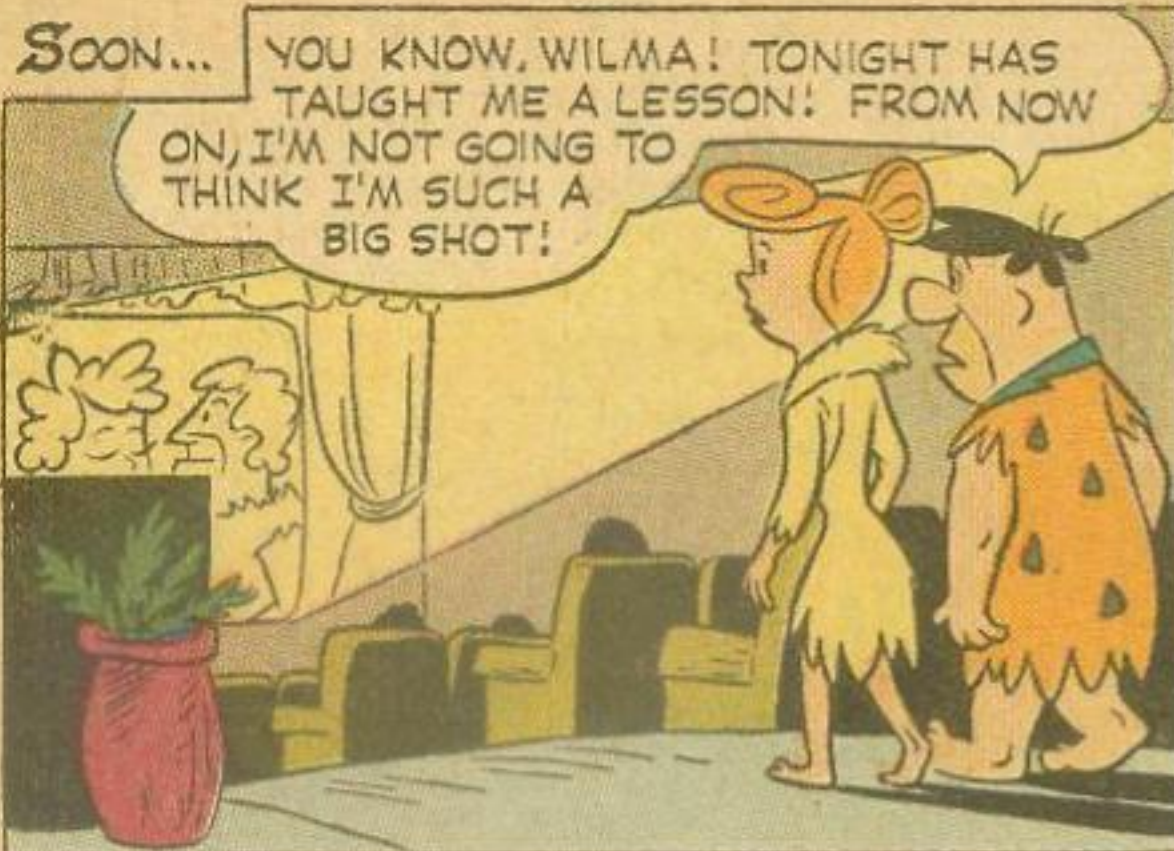
THE SAME SCENE IS REPEATING ITSELF ALL OVER THE BLOCK...



THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY...ER, PARTIES...







The End

HAPPY LOSER



"What I have to do," said Sandy Stone, "is win the Rockpit Beach swimming cup."

"You'd better," Sally warned, "or Paul Pebble's name is mud!"

For years Paul Pebble had taught swimming at Rockpit Beach. Standing on the sand, his faded tigerskin toga flapping around his thin legs, he had commanded generations of kids to "kick, two, three, four." Each beginning class (Paul called them "tadpoles") had obediently kicked, two, three, four, and soon had found themselves swimming. Sally and Sandy had taken Paul's lessons, and Sandy was now Paul's prize pupil.

Paul's troubles began when Bob Boulder, a champion athlete, had come to Rockpit and started giving swimming lessons, too. Soon after Bob appeared, a strange rumor made the rounds. It was said that Paul Pebble, venerable instructor at Rockpit, really did not know how to swim! It could not be true, Sandy and Sally assured each other. Yet, they had to admit that Paul never went into the water. He did all his teaching from the beach.

"I'll bet Bob Boulder made up that story about Paul," Sandy muttered, staring at the crowd that had come to the beach for the mid-summer water festival. Paul Pebble was there, quietly watching Bob Boulder's beginning class splash offshore. Paul's own class of "tadpoles" was the smallest ever this year — only three pupils!

"It's sure hurting Paul," Sally sighed. "Sandy, you've got to win today. Casey Cartridge is Bob Boulder's best advanced swimmer. Beat him and you will really give Paul's reputation a big boost!"

Soon, Mayor Limerock announced the race for the advanced swimmers.

"Wish me luck," Sandy said, taking his place at the end of the jetty, along with Casey

Cartridge and a few other boys.

"Ready..." cried the mayor. "Go!"

The boys headed for the big rock in the bay. Each boy had to swim to the rock, touch it, turn, and race back to the jetty.

Sandy and Casey, evenly matched, soon left the other racers behind. The rock loomed nearer and nearer, then both boys touched it and turned back.

Casey was beginning to tire. His breath came raggedly. Sandy, swimming smoothly, now could pick out the faces on the jetty. He stroked faster, pulling ahead of Casey, who was beginning to thrash a bit.

"Just a few yards," Sandy thought.

He was reaching for the side of the jetty when it happened — a sharp pain in his stomach. Sandy doubled up, choking on salt water. He was dimly aware of Casey speeding past to finish the race.

There was a splash beside Sandy, and strong hands pulled at him. He recalled nothing else until he found himself on his back on the jetty, the sun in his eyes and Sally bending over him anxiously.

"I goofed it," Sandy groaned. "What a time to get a cramp! I lost!!"

"Maybe," Sally said, "but you sure fixed Paul up solid."

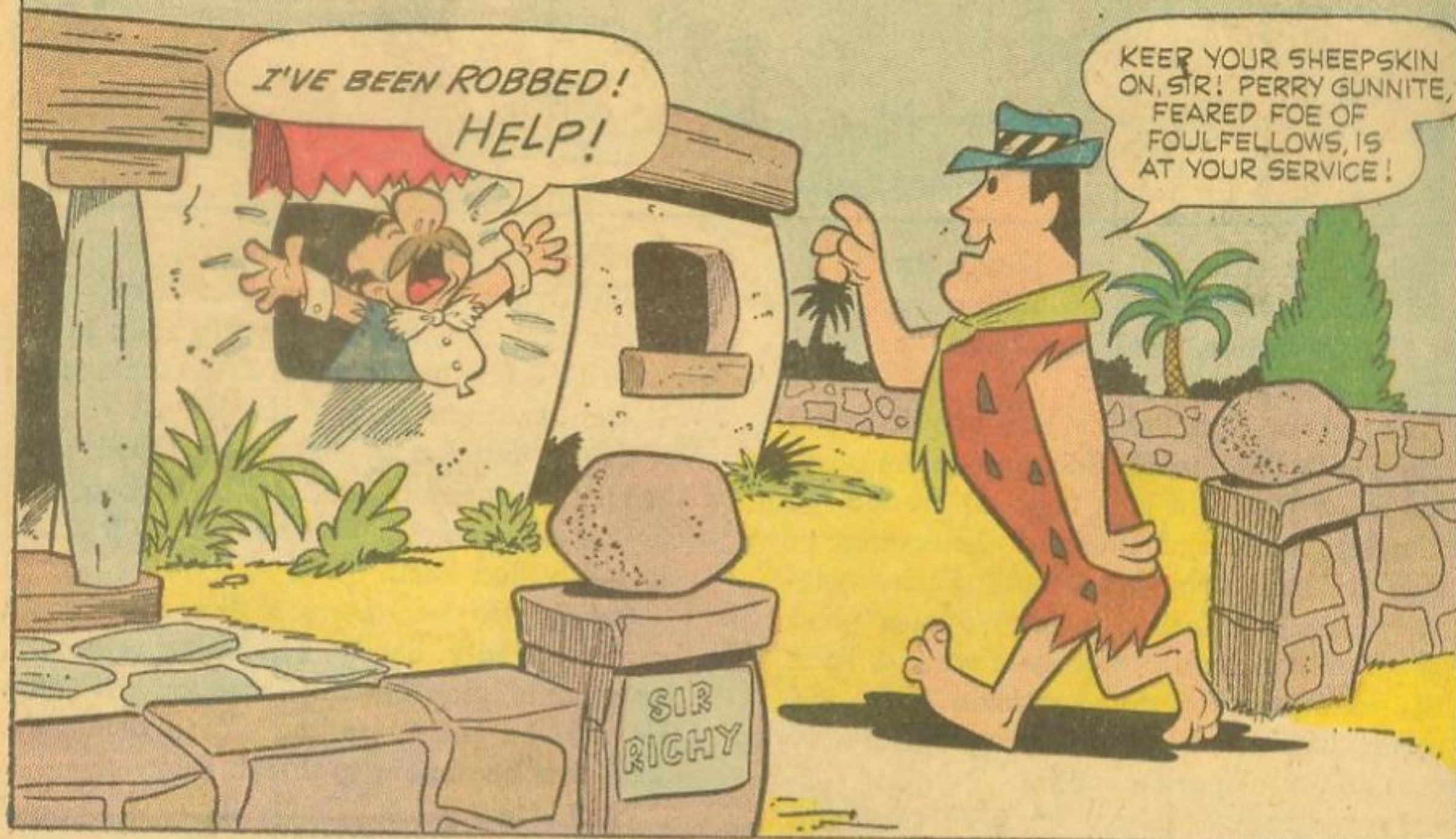
"Solid? How?" Sandy sat up and saw Paul. The old instructor was the center of a throng of people. Everyone was trying to shake his hand at once. And, wonder of wonders, Paul was dripping wet!

"Paul dived in and rescued you," Sally explained. "He saved your life, and you, for once and all, proved that Paul can really swim."

Sandy tried to reach Paul to thank him, but he could not... too many parents were entering their young children in Paul Pebble's "tadpole" class.

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**PERRY
GUNNITE**

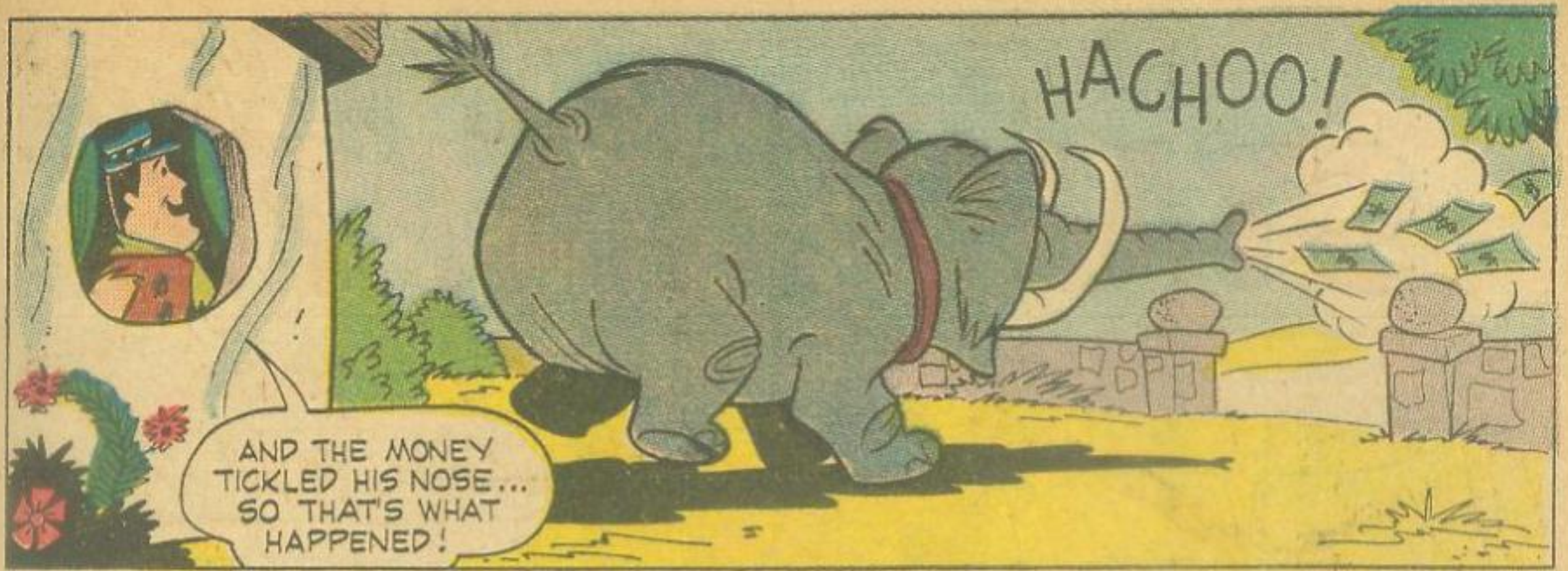
The INSIDE-OUT JOB





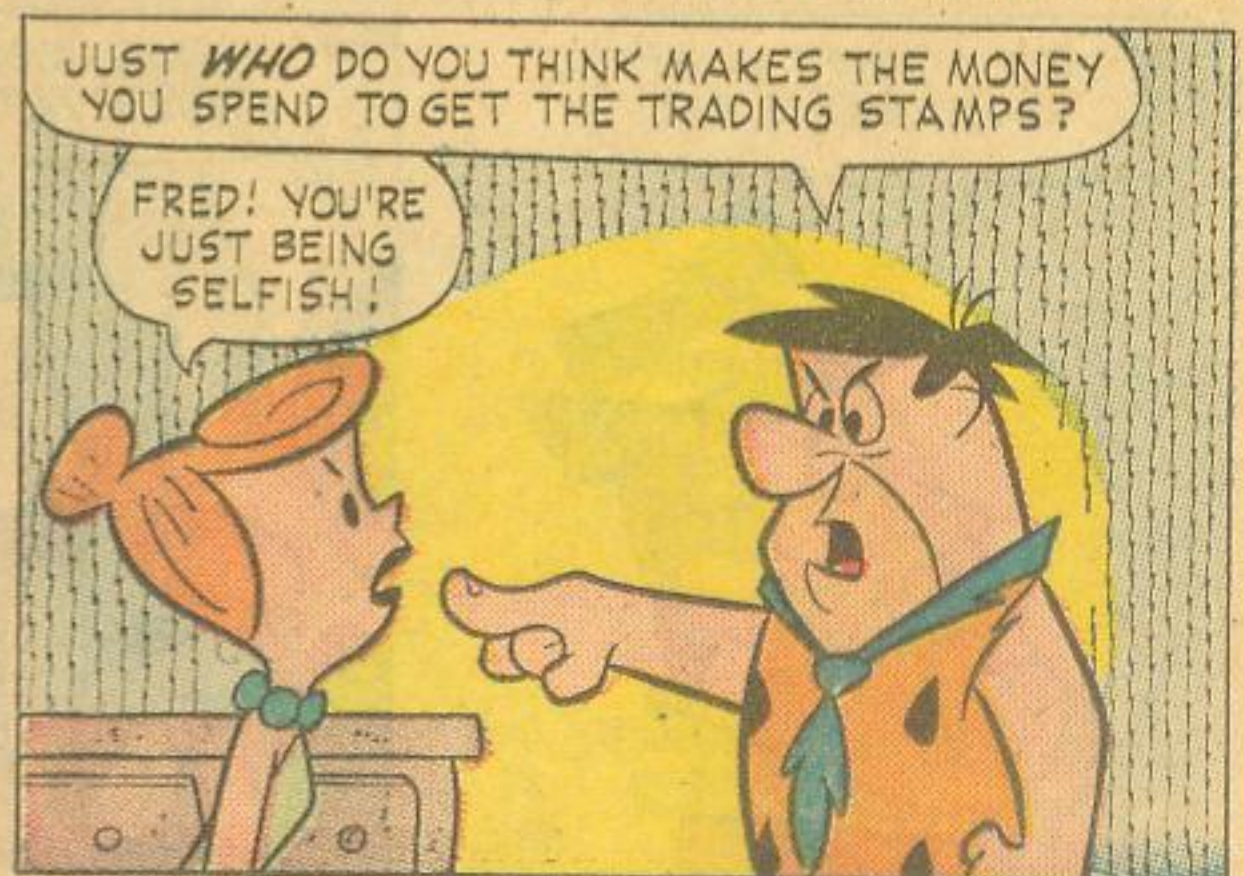
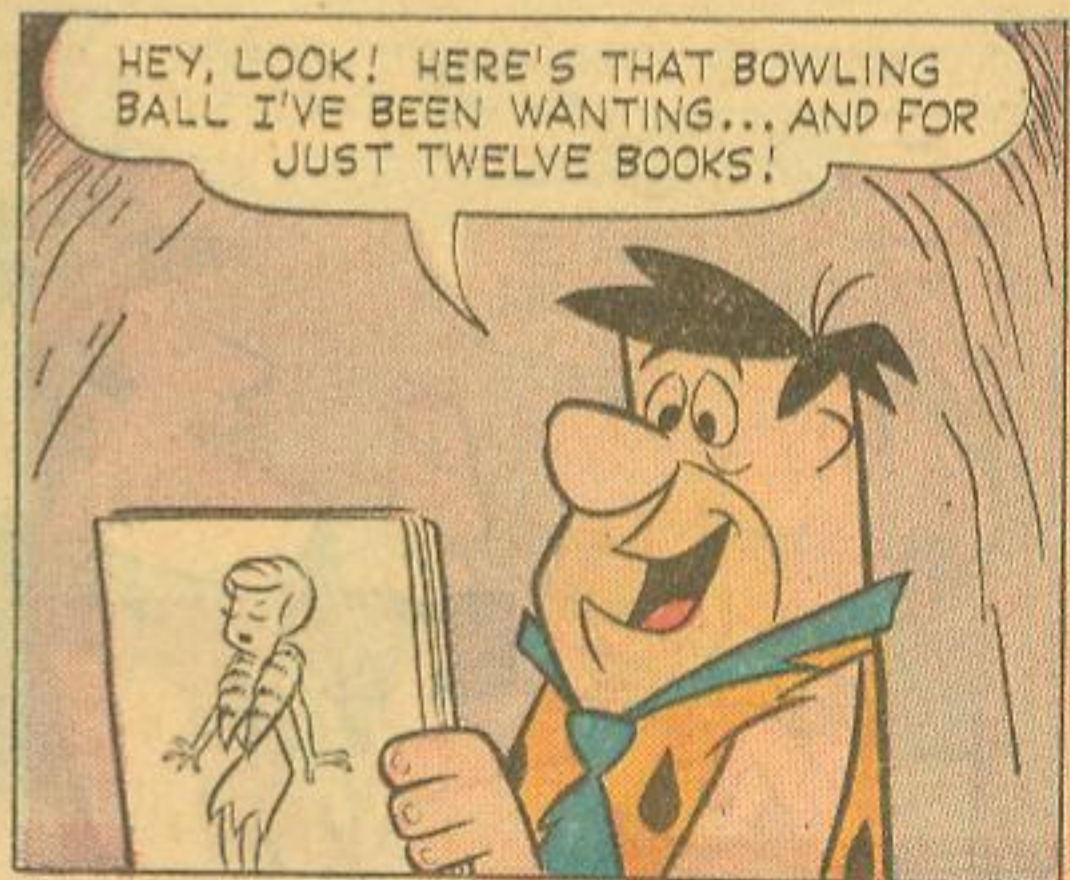
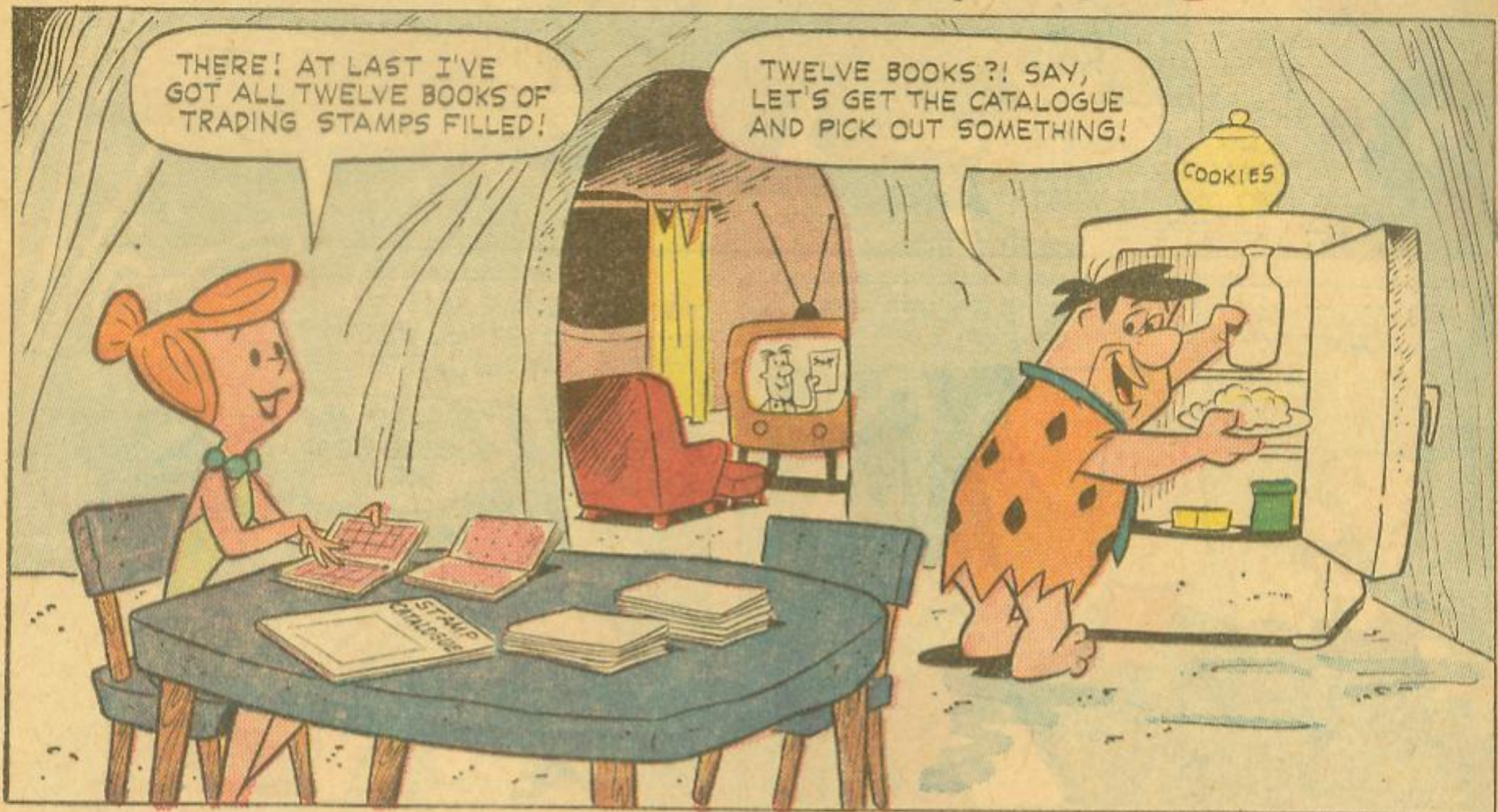
BUT ALL THROUGH
THE NIGHT...

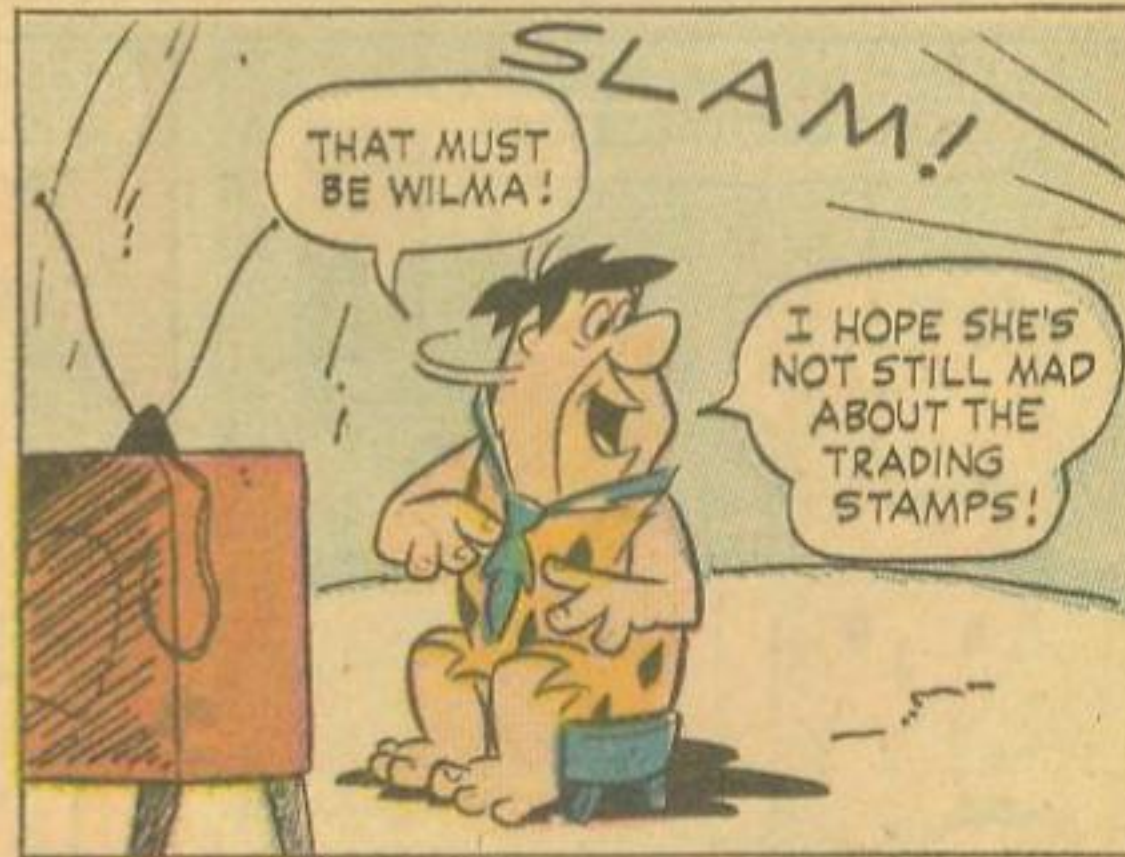




Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES

STAMP HAPPY





OH, NO...SHE WOULDN'T!



BUT THERE'S
ONE WAY TO
FIND OUT!



JUST AS I THOUGHT!
THE TRADING STAMPS
ARE GONE!



JUST WAIT UNTIL I FACE HER
WITH THAT FALSE FUR!!!



OH, NO!! IT'S MY BOWLING BALL!
WILMA GOT IT FOR ME!



OH, HOW COULD I
BE SUCH A HEEL?



BUT I'LL MAKE IT
UP TO HER!



YES, SIR, THIS IS OUR
FINEST GENUINE SABER-
TOOTH TIGER FUR!

GIFT-WRAP IT, AND
CHARGE IT TO
FREDERICK
FLINTSTONE!



SURPRISE,
WILMA!

WHY, FRED!
FOR ME?





Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES
**COLLECTOR'S
ITEM**

HI, BARNEY!
WHY SO GLUM?

AWW, I JUST STARTED MY
NEW JOB AT THE COLLECTION
AGENCY, AND I DON'T FEEL
RIGHT ABOUT IT!

I'M SUPPOSED TO
REPOSSESS SOME POOR
GUY'S TERRAVISION SET
JUST BECAUSE HE'S
BEHIND IN HIS PAYMENTS!

DON'T FEEL THAT WAY!
YOU'VE GOT A JOB
TO DO!

BESIDES, ANY DEADBEAT THAT DOESN'T
KEEP HIS PAYMENTS UP **DESERVES** TO
LOSE HIS SET! YOU'RE JUST DOING
WHAT'S RIGHT!

YOU REALLY
THINK SO?

OF COURSE! GO TAKE THE SET OUT
FROM UNDER HIS NOSE! I'M GONNA
MAKE MYSELF A SANDWICH AND
WATCH THE BALL GAME! YOU HUNGRY?

NOPE! I'M
GOING TO WORK!

THANKS FOR THE ADVICE! I'M TAKING
THAT GUYS SET RIGHT NOW!

OKAY, PAL!

HEH, HEH! BARNEY'S TOO
SOFT! NOW TO TURN ON
THE GAME!

HMMMM! I MUST NEED A NEW
TUBE! THERE'S NO PICTURE
ON THE SET!



A CASE OF SLEEPY

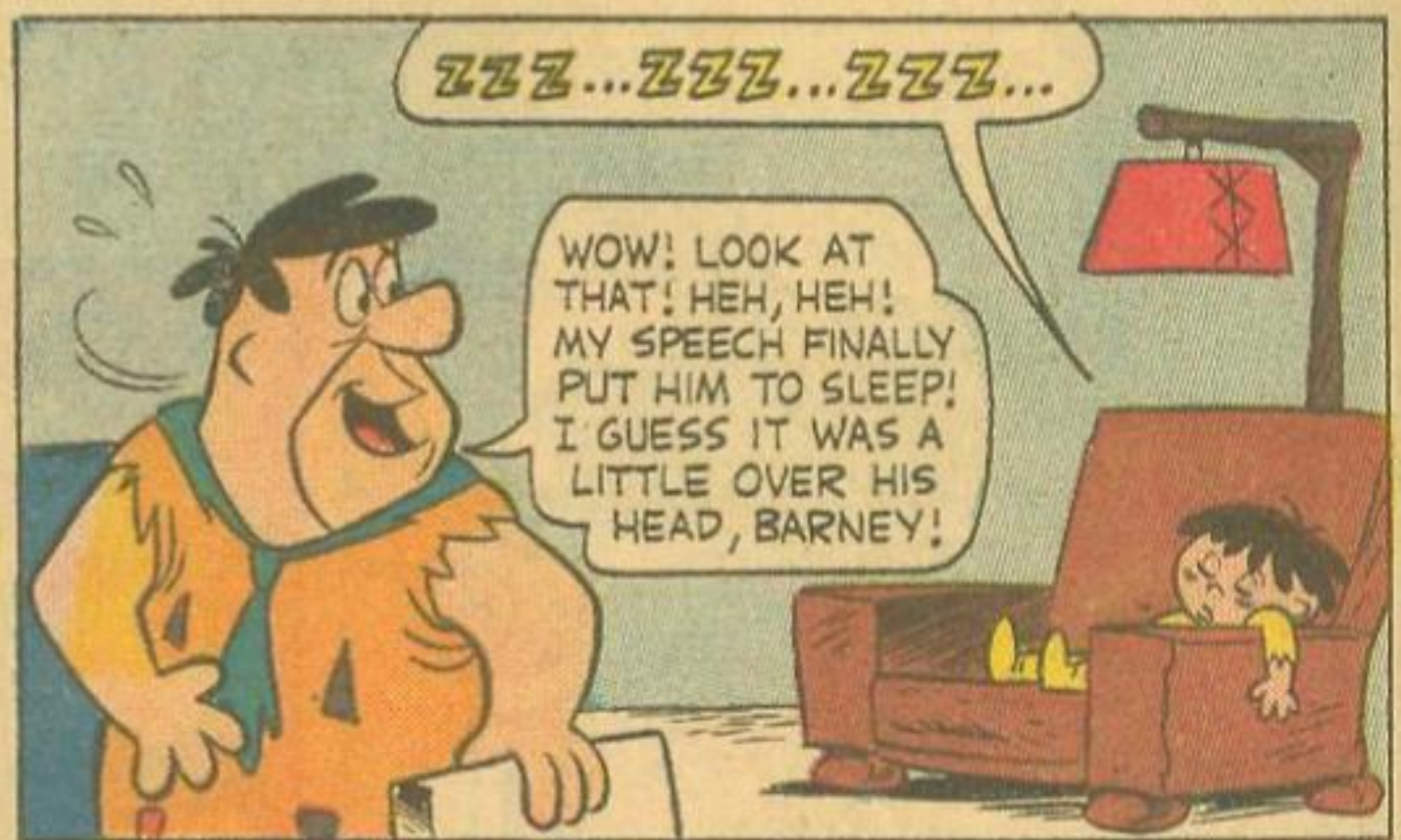




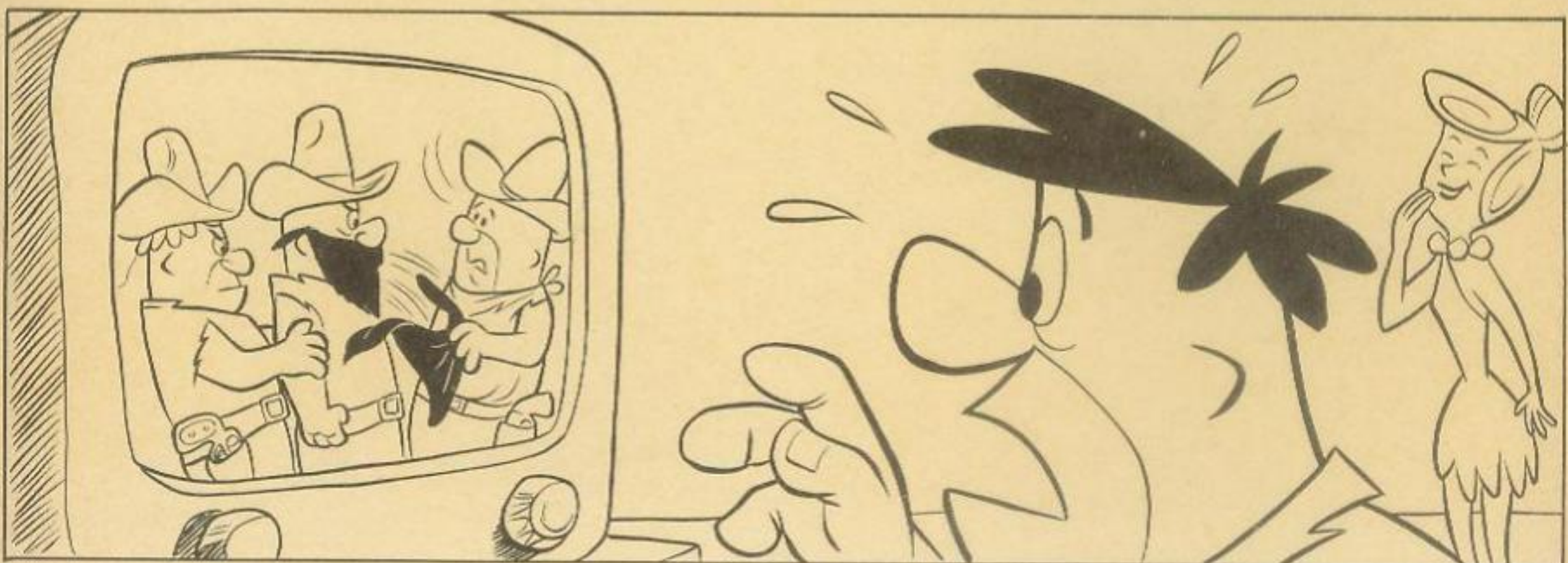
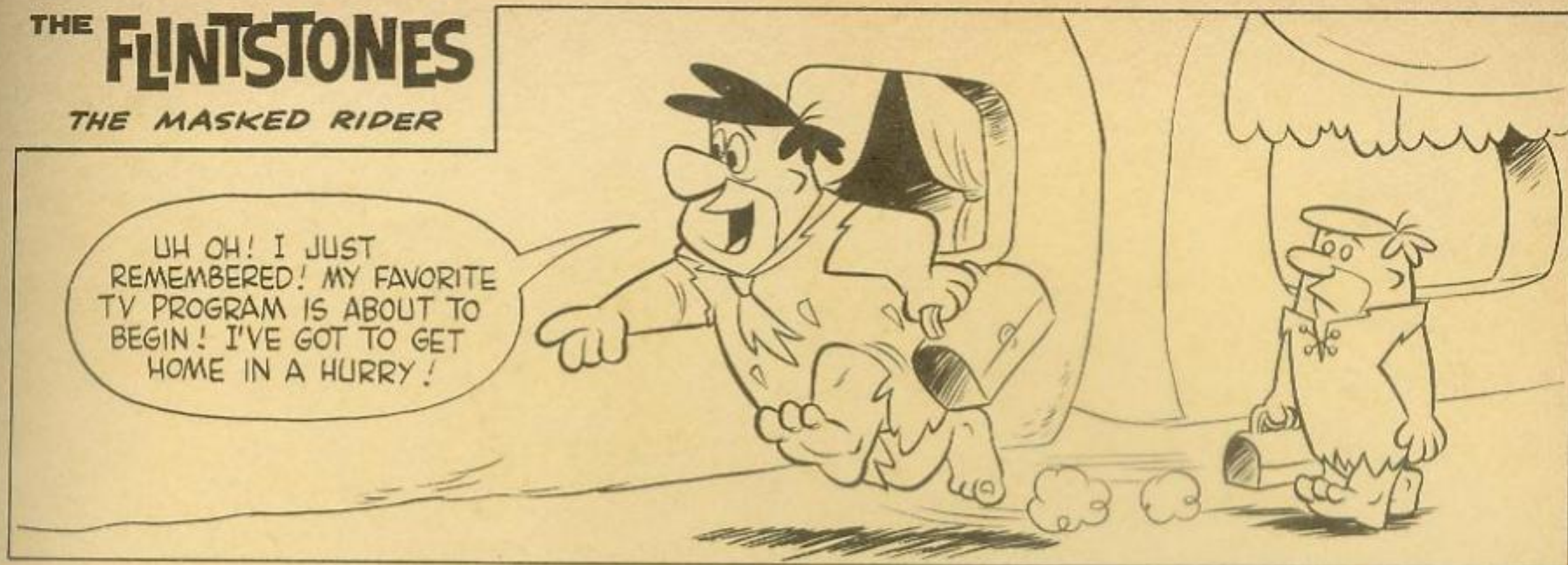


LOTS OF LEAPS LATER...





THE **FLINTSTONES**
THE MASKED RIDER



Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES
BIG CATCH

